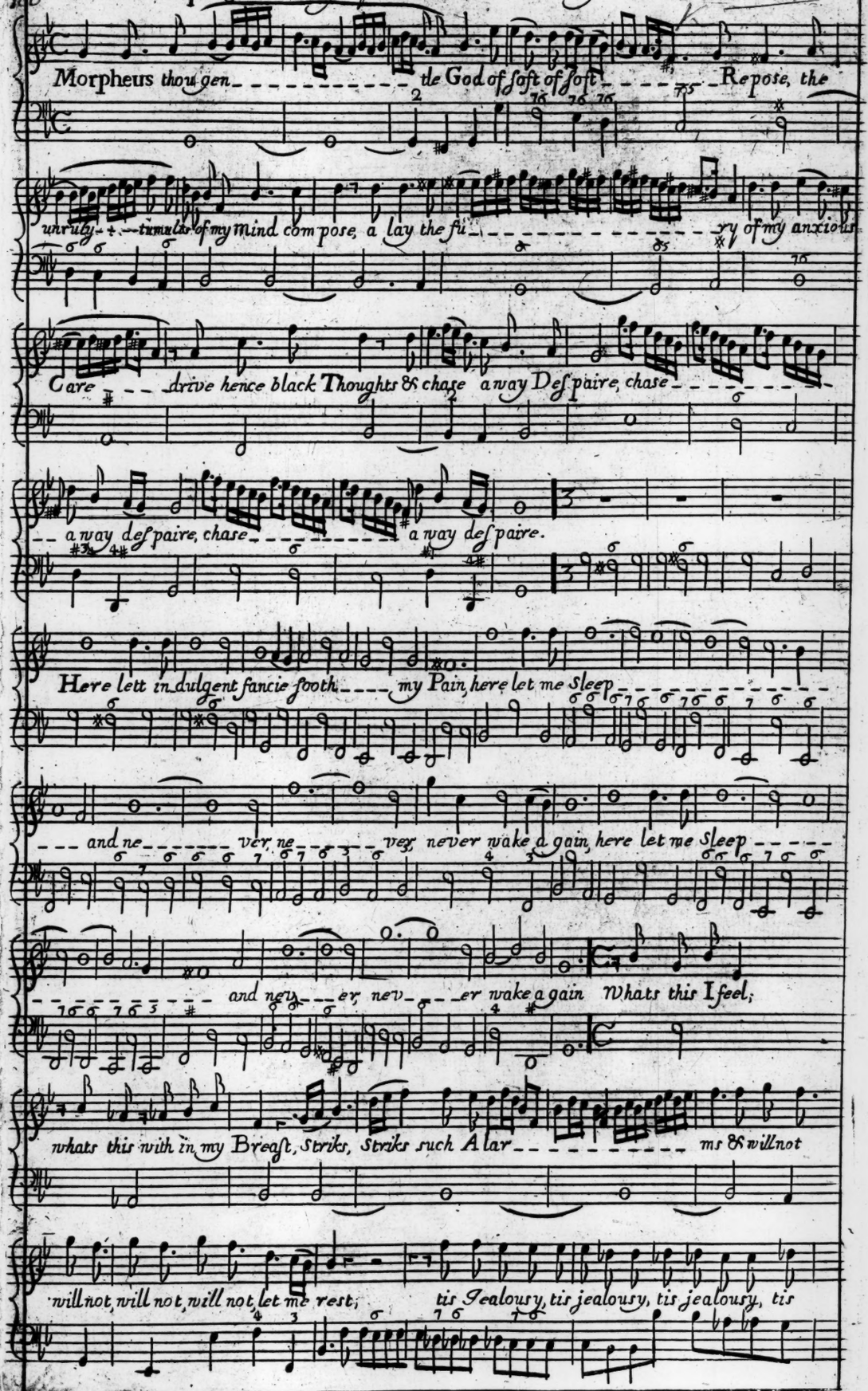
A SONG in Iphigenia Sung by Mrs. Erwin Sett by Mr. Dan: Purcell.



Jealousy, tormenting jealousy the Bane of Love, tormenting jealousy Striks such A lar-

ms & will not, will not, will not lett me reste tis jealousy, tis jealousy, tis

jelousy, tormenting jealousy.

I Rage

I rave I rave my Soule my Soule o' fire

Slow faster Slow

Torturd torturd with wild Despair & fierce

and feirce desire, my Strephon's loss I cannot, will not bear, I'le be revengd &

more, more, more then woman Dare; Death, only death can now my thoughts employ, I must my Rivall or my

Self, my self, or my Rivall, my Rivall or my Self destroy.